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Western
Glimpses

H Pastoral



DEDICATED TO

Mr. Adolphus Busch

IVY WALL VILLA
PASADENA
CALIFORNIA

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WESTERN
GLIMPSES

by

Belle Bearden Barry
" "



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DEAR SIR:

You will pardon me for addressing you, I am sure, when I tell you that I had the great pleasure last October and November of visiting California, and of seeing and walking through your lovely gardens, which I have named "Eden," and which will give thousands of people pleasure. How good of you to do this! In order for you to understand some of the enjoyment I received, I now enclose to you my poem on "Western Glimpses," in which you will find some stanzas on your beautiful wonderland.

Hoping when you read the poem you may be able to catch some of the intense thrills of pleasure which I received upon beholding this lovely, cheery and soul-entrancing spot, made beautiful by both nature and art, I am,

Respectfully

Belle Bearden Barry
Knoxville, Tenn.

Mr. Adolphus Busch
Ivy Wall Villa
Pasadena, Cal.

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Western Glimpses



O come with me and let me tell
Of beauteous things I love so well,
Of snow-capped mount and valley green
Where Nature's wonderland is seen.
Of Marshall Pass' peaceful climb,
And orange groves in golden prime,
Of myriad flowers—fragrant, red,
Where honeybees are sweetly fed.



Western Glimpses



Of cattle grazing on the ranch,
Where Live Oak yields its welcome branch,
Of Eucalyptus tall and grand—
The stateliest tree in Western land.
Of Pepper trees whose scarlet bloom
On ether wafts a rare perfume,
While lemon, walnut, olive trees
Blend gold and green our eyes to please.

Western Glimpses



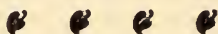
On Smiley Heights at sunset hour
As drive we round this Eden bower
And panoramic view behold
Old "Baldy" borrows twilight gold.
While Redlands in her peaceful rest
Is sleeping 'neath Sierra's crest,
When, just above horizon line,
Quaint queen of night begins to shine.



Western Glimpses



Bright hollyberries radiant gleam
In gorgeous red near rippling stream,
While just beyond in colors blue
Ripe olives play us peekaboo.
And pansy faces' features show
Where iridescent colors glow—
No two alike—to me they seem
Like living souls in world of dream.



Western Glimpses



Of Busch's gardens let me sing!
Proud Paradise where everything
That lives and loves may happy be,
O, this is Eden fair to me.
With velvet lawn and violet bed
Along the paths that pilgrims tread,
And rustic bridges spanning rill
Where rippling water crystals spill—



Western Glimpses



D Through wooden trough and shining cup
As traveller takes refreshing sup.
The gorge, the cataract, the dell,
In chorus carol to me tell
Of Nature's secrets wisely planned
By superhuman Mind and Hand,
Revealed to us at sunset close
In colors golden, blue and rose.



Western Glimpses



O royal, restful Riverside
With Mission Inn thrown open wide,
Magnolia Drive and Roubideaux,
Bright spots of earth where all should go;
Where cheeks are fanned by balmy breeze
Perfumed by bloom of Pepper trees;
'Tis here we number blessings given
And name this world terrestrial heaven.



Western Glimpses



O Hollywood, dear Hollywood,
Where Nature maketh all things good;
Where farmer lad may sow and reap
And city lassie's company keep.
Where birds and bees and flowers dwell,
This is the place I love so well,
Where I can live and love and dream
And let things be just as they seem.



Western Glimpses



Where I can read, and think, and grow
More like the Pure my heart would know.

O, come with me ye souls of fire

Where life and love can never tire,

Where inspiration speaks to me

And guides to higher destiny;

Loved place by Beauty's bounty blest,

Where home is peace and sleep is rest.



Enroute from
California
December the
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Belle Bearden Barry



FEB 24 1911

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